

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "The Killing Season"

(feat. Consequence, Kanye West, & Talib Kweli)

*[Talib Kweli:]*

Winter in America, never knew white Christmas  
'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list  
Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom  
The powers that be wanna devour the movement  
Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain  
Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment  
Running across stages is a drug  
It's like a blunt that we crumple in raw papers  
Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins  
Like the feeding us intravenous  
It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres  
Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders  
If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us  
This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces  
All these soldiers hate but I saw military training  
The force flags fly at a half mast this morning  
Take a bow, this might be your last performance

*[Kanye West:]*

They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]

*[Consequence:]*

The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny  
Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney  
Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's  
So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis  
Now they wanna condemn me for my freedom of speech  
'Cause I see things in black and white like Lisa and Screech  
Presidents get impeached and others fill in the throne  
But veterans don't get the benefit of feelin' at home  
So maybe those projections out at Silicon  
Over dro they getting injections made of silicone  
I swear it's the killing season  
'Cause killin' is still in season yea

*[Jarobi:]*

Louder than a three pound, voices screaming at ya boo  
It must be killing season, on the menu, strange fruit  
Whose juices fill the progress of this here, very nation  
Whose states has grown bitter, through justice expiration  
These fruitful trees are rooted in bloody soil and torment  
Things haven't really changed, been dormant for the moment  
Marks and scars, we own it, only makes for tougher skin  
Helps us actualize the actual greatness held within  
Been on the wrong team so much, can't recognise a win

Seems like my only crime is having melanin  
Connection to the sun so strong the relationship is lusted for  
Causes meant to suffocate, I can't breathe no more  
Settle the score sadly, need an abacus to tally  
Through all the peaks and valleys, yo, I recognize them sadly  
Black soul old enough, inner city holdin' up  
Watch me get all my goons, watch us get soldiered up

*[Kanye West:]*

They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]